



Perfection with Wings



👁 43 ✓ 5 ★ 4

Chapter 1 by radio.edited

I walked into class, unnoticed.

I sat in front, as usual, and answered every question correctly. Nobody else in my class was smart, in fact, most were as empty-headed as it got. It went on like this for twenty minutes, until we broke off into pairs to review for our quiz the next day.

"Lacey and Julianna."

Julianna and I partner up. I've never talked to her before. She's popular, but it doesn't seem like she's that close to any one of her friends. Artificial friendships.

Julianna sits down and starts doing her work.

"Don't you want to work on the packet together?"

"I kind of assumed you wanted to work alone."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Let's work together."

"Okay."

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Julianna starts explaining

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as if I didn't already know it. I did not expect her to know me as well as she did. I hadn't ever noticed before.

"Oh, don't worry, I already know linear equations."

"I thought you wanted help."

"I just thought you might want some help. I never knew how smart you were."

"Thanks."

We finished up our packets and were almost ready to go. Ms. Herman handed back last week's test. I got a 98.

"What'd you get?" I asked Julianna.

"A 100. How about you?"

"98. Wow. I really never knew you were so good at math."

"Uh, yeah, thanks."

We walked together, Julianna's short, layered black hair lying flat on her neck. Julianna ran ahead to meet her friends, her bangs bouncing. She looked back and waved at me, smiling. Her light skin shined, and her black eyes were apparent even against the early morning darkness. She flashed a smile, her bright white teeth shimmering with the moon.

"See you later," she said.

She's kind of interesting.

Chapter 2 by .l.a.



I figured out that I wanted to be her friend.

There was one problem, however. She was different from everyone. Different from my friends. They weren't really my friends. They were all dumb, with nothing in their heads other than boy bands and fashion magazines.

But she was different, different from them all. She was smart, and kind. I decided to do something that I wouldn't normally do.

That weekend, I looked up her home phone number in the online directory. I picked up our home phone and dialed her number. I was nervous, but I dialed it at the same time. My stomach fluttered as the dial tone rang.

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A voice from the other end asked slowly, "Hello?"

I smiled.

Chapter 3 by radio.edited



-- A month later --

I don't know.

I don't know what my relationship with Julianna is. She's popular, wouldn't I just be an embarrassment? But she laughs with me, and its like we have this connection. Like we'd be perfect best friends. But I don't know. She should just ignore me, be mean to me, avoid me, give me some social cue to let me know she doesn't want to be my friend. She doesn't do any of those things though.

She's more than perfect. She's perfection. She's smart, kind, athletic, artistic, beautiful, so why in the world would she want to be my friend? She could be friends with anyone she wants.

Every time she looks at me, I look away. Every time I look at her, she looks away. And then we look at each other and laugh. Every time she passes by, I tap her head and look away. Every time I pass by, she taps my head and walks away. And every time we do that, we laugh. And it's not the type of fake laugh that she does when she's with her other friends. It's a real laugh -- a genuine laugh, one that never fails to make me smile.

But even through my doubts, I know she likes me. And I know we will be good friends.

-- 5 hours later --

I heard my phone beep, and immediately checked it, knowing it would be Julianna. I started to read the text out loud:

"Hey Lace. So, I know this is kinda weird, but I think we might be cousins. I'm adopted and was looking around to see if I could find my family, and it kinda looks like your mom might be my dad's sister. I'll ask my dad tonight. See more of Story Wars Lace. Don't think I'm crazy, really!"

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Wow. That was intense. But to have a cousin... That'd be cool. I guess we always did have a connection, I just never knew why. It would explain our matching pale skin, but the similarities ended there. She had short black hair, I had long auburn colored hair. She had dark black eyes, mine were a bright hazel. I was tall and she was average. She had a couple dark freckles, my skin was completely clear. We really didn't look that similar.

"Hey, mom, by any chance did you had a brother?" I asked, knowing Julianna probably mixed up my mom's name for someone else's.

She paused to think for a long time, until finally deciding to speak again.

"Actually," she sighed, "Yes. I didn't want to tell you because he ran away a long time ago and I thought you'd be disappointed.

"Umm.. Do you think that Julianna, my friend from school, could be my cousin? She was adopted. She did some research and found that you are actually her aunt."

"Wow. That's insane. It is possible. What does she look like?"

"She a little bit shorter than me. She has black hair and black eyes and pale skin and some freckles near her nose."

"My brother Ryan had black hair and eyes as well. Pale skin too. No freckles, though. That could've come from her mom's side of the family. We'll have to investigate this more later. Tell her thanks for finding out."

Chapter 4 by nighteye



The thing underneath the house hissed. This is not the way it was supposed to happen. They couldn't be friends! They couldn't know. It narrowed its eyes.

It would put a stop to this, no matter what it would take.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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